



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

Paul Kruger.

Banished from home, from all he loved
so well,
From kop and veldt where he was
wont to trek;
By force compelled in foreign lands to
dwell
While home and country fell to utter
wreck
Beneath the greedy lust of armed
power.
But wand'rer though he was upon
the earth,
In ev'ry day—yea, ev'ry waking
hour—
Of human sympathy there was no
dearth.

Though greed enthroned ruled by the
power of might,
Yet still, through all, he felt hope
that inspires
The patriot heart, and suff'ring for the
right
He kept alive his Freedom's altar
fires.
Through pain and stress, through days
of dark defeat,
Through days when even justice
seemed to nod,
He kept the faith, and never once his
feet
Departed from the path—he trusted
God.

No need of marble shaft to mark the
place
Wherein this lion-hearted man shall
sleep.
No storied bust the world shall need
to grace
His name, or help his faith to keep.
His rugged face, his noble heart and
true;
His patient soul oft called on to en-
dure
Dire agony—all these shall keep in
view
Freedom's great prize he struggled
to secure.

God grant his bones shall rest beneath
the soil
Blood-consecrated unto Freedom's
name.
A mute rebuke to those who would
despoil—
An everlasting mark of Britain's
shame.
And in the after years, when Free-
dom's cause
Is won; and freemen's shouts shall
rend the skies,
Let patriots, passing by, a moment
pause
And drop a tear where Oom Paul
Kruger lies.

Wireless Dispatches.

(From our own correspondent who is
not on the grounds.)

Esopus, N. Y., July 17.—Judge Par-
ker arose this morning when he got
ready, and after performing his morn-
ing ablutions partook of a hearty
breakfast, consisting of food. While
going from the house to the barn he
saw a sparrow disporting among the
trees.

"Why is that sparrow like King
Edward?" queried the judge, a humor-
ous gleam lighting his eyes.

Your correspondent confessed his in-
ability to answer the conundrum.

"Because it's English, you know,"
said the judge, with a hearty laugh.

When this little bon mot was made
known to the proud inhabitants of
Esopus their laughter was loud and
long.

Sagamore Hill, July 17.—President
Roosevelt arose this morning in time
to meet the sun coming up. After

wrestling with an underdone steak he
wrestled with the problem of how to
make the trusts come down hand-
somerly without arousing the suspicions
of the people. At 9:30 an important
telegram was handed him, but as he
immediately tore it up after reading
it, and swallowed the pieces, your cor-
respondent was unable to ascertain
its contents.

At 10:30 the president retired to his
private office and refused admittance
to all comers until 10:35. During the
interval he accomplished a great deal
of work.

Secretary of the Navy Morton called
up over the long distance 'phone short-
ly before 11 and asked the president
to explain the difference between a
barnacle and a capstan bar.

The president tells this as a good
joke on Secretary Morton.

Indianapolis, Ind., July 17.—Senator
Fairbanks announced this morning
that he would not begin his campaign
tour until he had finished his repertory
of speeches. The senator has just
purchased an atlas, an unabridged dic-
tionary and a late edition of the En-
cyclopedia Britannica. The sound of
typewriters in his office indicate that
he is busy.

Piedmont, W. Va., July 17.—Vice
Presidential Nominee Davis today set
at rest all objection to his advanced
age by digging eleven bushels of po-
tatoes, mowing three acres of lodged
oats with a scythe and jumping a five-
rail fence without touching it. Mr.
Davis is in receipt of hundreds of
touching telegrams.

Woolfret's Roost, N. Y., July 17.—
David B. Hill received a telegram from
Esopus this morning conveying the
glad news that Judge Parker's horse,
which escaped from the stable night
before last, remained quietly in the
stall all of last night. Senator Hill
rejoices and insists that this is a good
omen.

Sagamore Hill, 11:39 a. m.—The boy
who delivers meat at the presidential
cottage has not yet appeared. Great
excitement prevails, and it is feared
that the strike of packing house em-
ployes will have a bad effect upon the
republican plan of campaign.

Sagamore Hill, 11:41 a. m.—The
butcher boy has just arrived with the
meat. A feeling of relief prevails.

Sagamore Hill, 11:53 a. m.—Kermit
has just returned from a hunt, bring-
ing in the scalps of three groundhogs.
The president is dee-lighted.

Esopus, N. Y., July 17, 12:01 p. m.—
Your correspondent is just going to
lunch. Judge Parker has promised
not to say anything during your cor-
respondent's absence.

Failed.

"I will remain silent and thus ac-
quire the reputation of possessing su-
perior wisdom," mused the man who
sought fame.

After a few months later he met a
frank friend and asked:

"What say the people of my policy
of silence?"

"They say you are so ignorant that
you don't know what to say, and
couldn't say it if you did."

Then the ambitious man began talk-
ing, and lo, the people said he didn't
know enough to remain quiet.

Our Machine Rhymester.

They tell us that there is no rhyme
For "Roosevelt and Fairbanks,"
But what's the matter, we would ask,
With using this: "Hot air cranks?"
Or if another you would like,
With using this: "Trusts share
thanks?"
Or, falling back on frontier talk
And pointing out their "qu'ar
pranks?"
These little rhymes, as you have seen,
Come easy from a good machine.

Scheme.

When I am tired
And feeling blue
And lots of work
I have to do
Along the line
Of writing rhyme,
I always find
It saves my time,
And also fills
The space with ease
To jot down lines
About like these.
But when I'm feeling like a king, and
can write stuff without a sigh,
I spread my lines out long like this,
and without winking either eye,
Just write and write the livelong day,
and at the setting of the sun
I've got a grist of stuff to fill and feel
that I have earned the mun.

Today, alas,
I'm off my feed,
And cannot think
Or write with speed.
All I can do
Is make a bluff
At writing this
Here kind of stuff.

Brain Leaks.

When hope goes effort weakens.
A half a loaf is better than some
bread.
We tried to play golf the other day,
and it reminded us of solitaire shin-
ney.

If a man had to endure the morning
after the night before he would prob-
ably act differently.

Some men who think it is brave to
turn a political trick are too cowardly
to play in the open.

A man never realizes that he is
growing old until he is forced to envy
the small boy who is hiking away for
the swimming hole.

Some men who recall with pride
how they earned their first dollar
would hesitate to let the world know
just how they earned the most of
their dollars.

Speaking of men who deserve the
hero medal, what's the matter with
the man who has the courage and hon-
esty to say he has no use for the
mother-in-law joke?

We've got a sure cure for the blues.
Whenever we feel that we need a good
laugh we hunt up a friend of ours and
watch him until he thinks he is think-
ing. Then the laugh comes.

The Unofficial Hero.

William Jennings Bryan emerges
from the momentous struggle at St.
Louis with laurels undimmed and
more than ever the idol of the demo-
cratic democracy of the United States.

He made a gallant fight against ter-
rific odds. He faced forces the like
of which no other democrat in this
generation was ever called upon to
face. No effort was spared to crush
and humiliate him and to discredit the
ideas and ideals for which he has so
bravely and so magnificently stood.

Yet the essential victory was with
Mr. Bryan rather than with those who
had sought to discredit and degrade
him in the eyes of the country. For
Mr. Bryan had based his whole fight,
not on any particular man, not even
upon any particular issue, but upon
the general idea of the Kansas City
platform. And the vital principle of
this has been preserved. There is no
real departure from that deliverance.
For the St. Louis platform, like that
of Kansas City, declares against im-

perialism. It declares against pro-
tection, it declares against monopoly
in private hands; it declares against
government by injunction, it declares
against militarism, it declares against
trusts and by parity of reasoning it
declares against the money trust even
without specifically naming it.

The gathering at St. Louis revealed
the strength of Mr. Bryan even better
than it had ever been revealed before.
It revealed him as the popular idol
in spite of the fact that the actual of-
ficial leadership had passed to other
and more or less unfriendly or unsym-
pathetic hands. It revealed him as
the man of courage and conviction
who was brave enough to stand up
against any odds for a principle and
by the sheer force of his irresistible
logic and his own sincerity to wrest
victory from defeat. No other man
received any such attention as he com-
manded. No other man stirred the
hearts of the great unofficial throng as
this plain citizen from Nebraska. It
was known that he was outmatched
in numbers on the floor; it was known
that the organization was no longer
responsive to his touch; it was known
that the nominee would be, not his
first choice, but the first choice of
those who openly expressed the wish
and the intention if possible to drive
him out of the party; yet the plain
people who gathered from far and
near—the unofficial spectators who
made up the greatest throng that ever
attended a national convention—gave
spontaneous testimony to their af-
fection and their unswerving loyalty;
and not even the manufactured dem-
onstrations for this one or that ap-
proached that which was given freely
and without forethought to the man
who had no possible honors or prefer-
ments to bestow.

And the great plain people who
were not there except in spirit—the
men in the furrows and in the mines
and in the mills—responded sympa-
thetically and spontaneously to the
thrill that ran through that splendid
gathering; and each in his own way
has given some proof of the same af-
fection and loyalty. He is still their
leader, still their hero, still the voice
that gives utterance to the thought
that burns in the democratic breast,
still the knight with shining lance
who is without blemish and without
reproach as the champion of peace, of
justice and of that righteousness
which exalteth a nation.—Johnstown
Democrat.

Mask Off.

The Chicago Chronicle has always
claimed to be a democratic paper and
until 1896 it actually supported demo-
cratic candidates.

Beginning, however, in 1896, while
still claiming to be democratic, it has
opposed democrats and favored repub-
licans, at the same time freely advis-
ing democrats to forsake Bryan and
Bryanism in favor of a so-called safe
and sane democracy, meaning the gold
standard and other issues not in ac-
cord with the Chicago platform.

The democracy has taken the advice
of the Chicago Chronicle, when, lo
and behold, we are now told that this
paper has left the party altogether and
will hereafter sail under its true col-
ors. It says that hereafter it will be
republican. The democrats, feeling
no sorrow for the loss of such a snake-
in-the-grass, should only feel pity for
the republicans lest they be made the
victims of the same kind of trick.—
Columbus Press-Post.

If We Only Could.

The Chronicle has bolted. Now if
we could only get rid of Hopkins.
Follow John R. Walsh and his Chron-
icle, Hopkins; follow, we beg of you,
follow. If you have any respect for
the democratic party you will go and
do likewise.—Springfield (Ill.) Reg-
ister.